The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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HEARING THE SILENCE

WHAT Jesus said stands for all time, and what He was stands likewise. Matters are always cropping up in which we want true guidance, but concerning which He has said no direct word, and yet in all of them we have unfailing direction. We know from what He is what He would do, and what He would have us do, that is if we have learnt to hear His silence by listening first of all to His speech.

T. R. Glover, in "The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire," quotes the saying of Ignatius of Antioch: "He that hath the word of Jesus truly can hear His silence also." It is a very significant saying, with a deep thrust in it. When we think of Jesus as a great spiritual authority, and then think of life as we know it, we are at many points up against this fact of His silence. And then the question is acute: How is He to help us?

The early Christian workers were also in much the same position. On the three great questions of the Extension of the Gospel beyond the bounds of Judaism, the Organization of the Christian Church, and the Future Life, they had no definite direction in the recorded words of Jesus. The astounding thing is that in spite of this, Jesus Himself counted most in their minds when thinking of these questions. Though Paul had no definite word from the historic Jesus authorizing him to carry the gospel to the Gentiles, yet it was on account of Jesus that he did it. Though Paul had no authority from the historic Jesus for the organization of the Church, his one thought in all his organizing was Christ. On the question of the future life Jesus said very little, and yet He was the mainstay of Paul's belief in it. What had happened? Just what Ignatius said: "He that hath the word of Jesus truly can hear His silence also."

By the "word of Jesus" is not meant words that He spoke, but rather the expression of His personality. The majesty of a soul has other ways of expressing itself than by words or deeds. It does its greatest work just by being what it is. Men somehow feel it, discern it, and become sure of it even when they could not quote words and deeds sufficiently to prove that the impression made upon them was well founded. The conviction grows upon us in reading the Gospels that we are there face to face with something new in history, with a personality of super-normal and unique significance for the world. We may not be able to express this in any satisfactory speech. As a matter of fact we are not. Yet we feel that we are sharing a fundamental conviction with the men whose terms we are unable fully to understand. As Glover puts it: "We have really at present no terms in which to express what we feel to be the permanent significance of Jesus:—that Jesus of Nazareth does stand in the centre of human history, that He has brought God and man into a new relation, that He is the personal concern of every one of us, and that there is more in Him than we have yet accounted for.

Now when the personality of Jesus has impressed itself upon us in this way, this constitutes to us "the word of Jesus." And he that hath this word truly can hear His silence also. When Paul carried His Gospel to the Gentiles, the one conviction that kept him strong for his work in spite of every difficulty and opposition was the word of Jesus, *i.e.*, that conviction of what He was and of what He meant for the world. Paul heard the silence, heard beyond the spoken word, saw the meaning beneath the record, understood the significance of the character revealed, and went forth to preach in the assurance that Christ was with him.

The Gospels admittedly tell only a very small part of Christ's story. They are full of His silence. He does not give us even the material for settling the controversies that have arisen about His own person. While He asked men what they thought of Him, He tells us little as to what He thought about Himself. What He meant even by the great theme of His early preaching, the Kingdom of God, is still a matter about which His followers debate. On the other

hand, no criticism of the Gospels can destroy or lessen the significance of that life which wrought in its own time, and has continued to work ever since, such amazing results in the lives of men and women. There always have been those who have got His word—that is the impression of His character and personality—so truly that they have heard His silence through the ages. They have discerned His mind; and when there were no words of His on record to give practical guidance that unmistakable Spirit of His has given the best guidance possible.

For His Spirit is not information; it is not knowledge; but it is the director in the use of wisdom and knowledge. The Spirit of Jesus would not, for instance, produce a plan today for the working of the coal mines; but it would make a plan certain, because it would make sure that no man would approach the question from the point of view of self-interest. And self-interest is the only real difficulty. Every difficulty is surmountable when self-interest is away and the common good to the fore. What the Spirit of Jesus would do would be to keep the common good always in the forefront, and then men would use their cleverness and their wisdom and their advantageous positions and everything else to serve the common good. All our social problems would assume a new aspect and soon cease to be problems if we got that Spirit. It is a point of immense importance for the Church today as to whether it has got the word of Jesus truly enough to hear his silence on the great modern social problems. As individual Christians it would be well for us to dwell more on the significance of Jesus for life. If we got the word quite truly, we should not fret because we cannot find in the New Testament a saying to suit this situation, or a precept to guide in it, or a word to settle this, that or the other controversy. We should hear the silence. And the mind of Christ would impress itself upon us, and the Spirit would flow into our life and take possession of us and help us in a hundred ways that no recorded word ever could.

This theme also reminds us of how men have often been troubled by what they felt to be the silence of God. Again and again in the Old Testament men pray God not to be silent. They feel they are up against their problems and their difficulties, and God says nothing. I have been looking up some of these passages in the Old Testament, especially in the Psalms, where there are several of them, and I have been very much struck by the fact that in most of the cases the man who seems troubled because God is silent is really very anxious to defeat his own enemies, and he wants God to break silence by coming and smashing them! Now, if those men had had the word of God truly, had understood the character of God, they would not have asked Him to break silence in that way. They would, indeed, have heard the silence and known that it was their own turbulent temper that was wrong. Of all men, Christians ought to be able to hear the silence of God and not be troubled because He does not speak in answer to such prayers.

Of course God's silence is greater than God's speech. That is true even of man. What we express of ourselves is only a small part of ourselves; we have always left most unsaid. Every soul is greater than its words, and greater than its deeds. It cannot all be put even into attitudes. And it is often necessary for us to hear a man's silence if we are to interpret him rightly when he says nothing and does nothing. It is a very fine thing when you have got a man's word truly, got such an impression of his character that you can always trust him in those areas of life in which he is silent. And this is where a true believer is in his relation to God. He feels that he has had a revelation of the character of God that he can trust in His infinite goodness in regard to all that is unknown. The love of God may become such a certainty in the human soul that even in the face of the direst calamity a man will say: "*Though he slay me, yet will I trust Him.*" This is hearing the silence of God.

I do not suggest that we should for a moment consider the area of present knowledge a boundary. An old writer said: "*It is the glory of God to conceal a thing.*" I believe God has concealed many things in order that we should find them out. Much more than is revealed on the surface will reward an honest search. We never need consider the limits of knowledge fixed. But we are always aware, and shall always be aware of a vast unknown. Christian people should never be in a state of uncertainty as to the character of the unknown. If they have the word of Jesus truly concerning God, then they can surely hear the silence of God in respect to it. If it is true that God is Light and God is Love, then the unknown has no terror and no uncertainty lurks there that needs to be feared. What we know shall hold us in the face of what we do not know. However vast the unknown may be we can never feel ourselves to be in an alien universe so long as we have truly the conviction that "In *Him is no darkness at all.*" Jesus had a wonderfully glad sense of the Fatherhood of God. If His word is ours truly, then we shall not be afraid of the dark places and the lonely roads. Our Father will always be mindful of us.

There is a pretty story in Isabel Cameron's little book, "The Doctor." The old doctor was a minister who seemed to carry a good deal of sunshine wherever he went. One day he was visiting a woman who was stricken with a very grievous illness, and who knew that she was slowly dying. When he said something to her about the Father, she sighed, and said, "It's a

ng, dark road I will have to be going." After moment or two of silence, the old minister took r hand and said, "I mind when I was a little ddie we lived a good way out of the town, and e night I had been sent a message, and it was rk before I got home. The road lay through dark wood, and of course I was sure there was a gey behind every tree waiting to gobble me up, d when I heard a footstep, then I was quite re I was doomed. But before I could yell I ard a voice saying: 'Is that you, Willie?' It as my father. He was looking for me when I as never thinking about him, and the road was ort and as light as day, because he was with me. was only my earthly father—and he had been xious about his boy. Don't you think that e Heavenly Father Who put the love into our arts is willing to come with us on our dark ad? '*I will not leave you comfortless,*' He said, *will come to you.*' '*When thou passest through e waters I will be with thee.*'" In this way the d minister tried to give her a sure hold upon the ue word, so that in the great silence that was oming she would hear the Father's voice.

'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song,
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod,
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong."

—*Rev. T. Rhondda Williams.*

'HOU cam'st not to thy place by accident—
It is the very place God meant for thee,
And should'st thou there small scope for action see,
o not for this give room for discontent,
or let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
rom outward hindrance or impediment.
or presently this hindrance thou shalt find
That without which all goodness were a task
So slight, that virtue never could grow strong;
nd would'st thou do one duty to His mind,
The Imposer's—overburdened, thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

—*R. C. Trench*

PROFESSOR—"Can you give me an example f wasted energy?"

Freshman—"Yes, sir—telling a hair-raising tory to a bald-headed man."

WAITER (to patron who has been kept waiting r some time)—"What is it you wish, sir?"

Patron (sarcastically)—"Well, what I orig-ally came in for was breakfast, but if dinner's ady now, I'll take supper."

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Orange Frou-Frou—Put over the fire the grated rind and juice of 2 small oranges, 4 ounces of sugar, ¾ of a pint of water, and ½ an ounce of gelatine, and stir till it boils. Add this gradually to the beaten yolks of two eggs in a bowl, return it to the pan and stir till the eggs are cooked. Strain and cool. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff and stir in lightly.

Lemon can be used instead of orange, but one lemon only instead of two oranges; and add lemon juice after the custard is made and cooling.

Honeycomb—Soak one-third of an ounce of gelatine in ½ a pint of milk for one hour, then put it on the fire with one teacupful of sugar and ½ a pine more of milk until quite melted.

Beat the yolks of 2 eggs, add these and stir the mixture till it is on the point of boiling, but do not boil it. Have the whites of the eggs, beaten firm and flavored with vanilla or almond, in a bowl, and pour the hot mixture into this; stir very quickly and pour into a wet mold.

Orange Jelly—Soak ½ an ounce of gelatine in ⅔ of a pint of water with 2 ounces of lump sugar, the rind of one lemon and one orange cut very thin. Bring to a boil, stirring over the fire, and strain. When cool, strain in the orange and lemon juice, to make a pint. A drop or two of orange essence improves this.

Tomato Jelly.—Cut ripe (but not overripe) tomatoes in quarters or thick slices; let cook in a double boiler or saucepan over slow fire until soft throughout. Then drain in jelly-bag; do not squeeze bag or a clear jelly will not be obtained. For each quart of juice add thinly sliced rind and juice of a lemon. Let boil 20 minutes, then add three-quarters cup sugar for each cup juice and let cook until the mixture jellies. Turn into hot sterilized jars or jelly glasses, and when cold cover with melted paraffin and lid. Good with poultry.

HANDY HINTS

Glass candy jars make useful containers for keeping staples, such as crackers, cookies, rice, powdered sugar, etc. These jars may be purchased cheaply at second-hand stores.

Inexpensive brass curtain rods, if fastened to the wall near the kitchen range, make fine drying racks for tea towels.

Rubber bands kept in a kitchen drawer are ever ready to hold long sleeves out of the way while cooking is being done or dishes washed.

Hard-boiled eggs will peel easily if submerged in cold water as soon as they are removed from the fire.

Beets peeled and diced will cook more quickly than if cooked whole, and are nice served with a butter dressing.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

OFFERS

For the following books apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, chairman, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.

Life of Christ. Farrar.
A Passage to India. Forster.
Idylls of the King. Tennyson.
Strength for Every Day. Quotations.
America's Great Northwest. Poems.
Why Do You Not Believe? Murray.
Sowing and Reaping. Lose.
Pippin. Marshall.
Wealth by Good Living. Hall.
Life of Zelotis Grenell. Grenell.
Anglo—Israel. Howlett.
Gallic War. Caesar.
Dere Mable. Streeter.
A Garden Inclosed. Catholic.
Emin's Rescue. Stanley.
Robbie's Light. Frost.
Canzoni. Daly.
Don Quixote. Cervantes.
The Way of Peace. Deland.
Lem. Brooks.
The Nürnberg Stove. Ouida.
Greatest Thing in the World. Drummond.
Quinnebassett Girls. Sophie May.
Three Narrative Poems.
Midsummer Nights Dream. Shakspeare.
Turning Points of English Church History. Cutts.
Rienzi. Lytton.
Herbert Carter's Legacy. Alger.
Experiment in Gyro-Hats. Butler.
Homeopathic Theory and Practice. Boericke.
Short Course in Astronomy. Kiddle.
Essays — Civil and Moral. Bacon.
Across the Continent. Hilles.
Rollo in Naples. Abbott.
Cost of Revenge. Stories.
Colours of Flowers. Allen
Flowers, Fruits and Leaves. Lubbock.
The Beloved. McCleary.
Troops on Riot Duty. Stockton.
The Chamber of Peace. Poems.
Julius Caesar. Shakspeare.
Lay of the Last Minstrel. Scott.
Fishin' Jimmy. Slosson.
Cup of Loving Service. Taylor.
Three Men in a Boat. Jerome.
The Wisdom of the Hindu. Brown.
Art of Loving. Lyon.
Perfect Freedom. Brooks.
Undine and Sintram. Fouqué.
Prayer for Christmas Morning. Van Dyke.
Ralph the Orphan. Lose.
Seven Ages of Man. Shakspeare.
Dust of the Road. Mosques.

Chaplet of Pan. Mosques.
Sunlit Days. Perin.
Life of Johnson. MacCauley.
Aliens or Americans. Grose.
Care and Feeding of Children. Holt.
Handbook of Travel. Scientific.
Financial Policy of Corporations. American.
Lucy Guinness Kumm. Deconig.
The Cross in the Land of the Trident.
Christian Conquest of India. Thoburn.
Ravenshoe. H. Kingsley.
Sticket Minister. Crockett.
Handbook of Health. Hutchinson.
Missionaries in the Witness Box.
Jessica's First Prayer. Stretton.
Poems from Longfellow. Booklet.
Call of the World. Missions.
Ancient People at New Tasks. Price.
Building With India (2 copies). Fleming.
Franklin's Autobiography.
Carry on. Dawson.
Flower de Hundred. Harrison.
How to Prepare and Serve a Meal.
Ernest Maltraners. Lytton.
New York Zoölogical Park.
Captives and Trinummum of Plautus. *Latin.*
First International Convention of Presbyterian Churches (1896).
Short Story of Jesus.
Call from the Past. Merrick.
Martial Adventures of Henry and Me. White.
After Prison—What? Booth.
The Little God Ebisu. Dix.
Foster on Auction.
Letters to a Daughter. Starret.
Descent of Man. Darwin.
The Chouans. Balzac.
Lalla Rookh. Moore.
That One Face. Roberts.
Saved and Kept. Meyer.
Fasti of Ovid. Hallam.
Poetical Works. Proctor.
Metallurgy. Pulsifer.
Second Military Adventures. Wilson.
Dream Fox Story Book. Wright.
What is Worth While. Brown.
Selling Suggestions. Farrington.
A Jolly Fellowship. Stockton.
Lady Baltimore. Wister.
Origin of Species. Darwin.
Lessons on Scientific Eating. Christian.
April Fool Twins. Timlow.
Story of Little Paul. Dickens.
Whither Bound in Missions.
A Study of the Sky. Howe.
English Hymnal.
Among the Stars. Giberne.
Masters of the Situation. Tilley.
Adventures of Diggeldy Dan. Norwood.
Fourteen Lessons in Yogi Philosophy. Ramacharaka.
Spiritual Culture and Social Service. MacFarland.
The Ocean of Air. Giberne.
Throng to David's Realm. Tomkins.
Lapsus Calami. J. K. S.
Fireside Series for Boys.
The Clammer. Hopkins.
Dozen from Lakerim. Hughes.
Evangelism Old and New. Dixon.
Bobbsey Twins in Country. Hope.
Story of Baptists. Cook.
Firm of Girdlestone. Doyle.
The Alternative. McCutcheon.
Kidnapped. Stevenson.
A Valiant Woman. Fisher.
Rulers of Men. Savi.
Prose Works. Milton.
Her Crime. No Name Series.
Rob and His Friends. Browne
Looking Backward. Bellamy.
Silver Crown. Richards.
Queens Page. Baker.
A Dog of Flanders. Ouida.
Van Bibber and Others. Davis.
Aunt Madge's Story. May.
Hymnal.
Peggy Stewart at Home. Jackson.
Advertising. French.
Children in Little Old Red House. Douglas.
Old Red Sandstone. Miller.
Loyal Little Red Coat. Ogden.
Hunting Big Game in Africa. Morrison.
Stories of the Olden Time. Johonnot.
Milton. Macauley.
Colds, Coughs and Sore Throats. Conyngton.
Coughs, Colds, Catarrh. Baker.
The Girls. Dickens.
Henry Martyn. Bell.
Poetry for Children. Lamb.
Under the Ocean to the South Pole. Rockwood.
Admetus (A Play). Outcalt.
Fuel for Missionary Fires. Brain.
You Know How Women Are. Cobb.
Three Graces at College. Jackson.
Dombey and Son. Dickens.
Grecian and Roman History.
History of the Hebrews.
Willie Wyld in Zanzibar. Morrison.
Story of the Great March. Nicolls.
Christian Year. Keble.
Kind Adventure. Perry.
Our Country. Strong.
Wonderland. Parkinson.
A Master of Craft. Jacobs.
The Practical Phrenologist.
The Grandissimes. Cable.
Seven British Classics.
In My Name. Murray.
Foundations of American Grape Culture. Munson.
Our Araby. Chase.

The Teacher and the Child. Mark.
Camp on Letter K. Burleigh.
Tales of Little Cats. Bond.
The Power to Heal. Wilson.
The New Chardinel. French Course.
Strategic Points in World's Conquest. Mott.
Four Years in Business.
Memories of a Happy Boyhood. Schlauffe.
Old Country Idylls. Stafford.
Abbé Constantine. Halévy.
Auld Licht Idylls. Barrie.
Science of Credit Management.
What to Read on Business.
An Unsinkable Titanic. Walker.
Story of the Otherwise Man. Van Dyke.
Black Beauty. Sewall.
Prudy Keeping House.
Primes of Old Testament History.
Tales of Land and Sea.
Uncle Tom's Cabin. Stowe.
Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping.
Lake River Athletic Club. Hughes.
Man Without a Country. Hale.
Schönberg Cotta Family.
A Leader of Freemen. Tomlinson.
Pastor Hsi. Taylor.
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. Slatin.
Fabiola or Church of the Catacombs. Wiseman.
Victory in Christ.
Academy Song Book.
How to Make Good Pictures. Photography.
Last Essays of Elia. Lamb.
Phaeton Rogers. Johnson.
Sunday School and World Progress. Faris.
Is Life Worth Living? Mallock.
Gipsy Breynton. Phelps.
Old Put, the Patriot. Ober.
American Prose. Bronson.
Elementary Economics. Thompson.
Essays in Taxation. Seligman.
Business Ownership Organization. Stockder.
Steam, Steel and Electricity. Steel.
Heaton's Annual of Canada. Commercial Hand Book.
The Modern Corporation. Conyngton.
The Trust Problem. J. W. Jenks.
Chain Stores. H. White.
Frenzied Finance. T. W. Lawson.
Commercial Traveller's Guide to S. America. Bureau of Commerce.
Corporation Accounting and Corporation Law. Rahill.
Building Your Own Business. Burnham.
Applied Theory of Accounts. Esquerré.
Auditing Theory and Practice. Montgomery.
Accounts and Accounting Practice. Belding.
Synopsis of Non-Metallic Chemistry. University Course.
A Survey of the Empire Group. Map for commerce.
Colon Hygiene. Kellogg.
Concrete Geometry. Hornbrook.
Manual of Argumentation. Laycock and Spofford.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Cutler Hill, Lawsonville, N. C., would like sewing material of any kind, embroidery thread and designs, also reading for herself and 16-year-old daughter.

2. Mrs. Lochie Ashley, Amy, N. C., would like reading for her three boys in high school, and little girl, 8 years old, also paper dolls for little Ruth, 4 years old.

3. Mrs. Zenna Blevins, Silas Creek, N. C., sends thanks for cheer she has received in the past, and hopes she and her four little ones will be remembered again this season.

4. Mrs. R. J. Bonds, Shirley, Ark., R. 2, writes that her family consists of a husband, five children and self, and they live on a farm. She would like to receive magazines for young children, and any yarns or sewing material the *Cheerful Letter* friends can send her. Her reference is Rev. H. B. Pruitt, Rupert, Ark.

5. Miss Gladys Datson, Dayton, Tenn., R. 3, Box 118, is the oldest of a family of eight children, she being 16 years old. On account of sickness in the family she has been unable to keep on with her school work. She asks for appropriate reading and sewing material.

6. Miss Lillie Jones, Tellico Plains, Star Route, Tenn., hopes to be remembered with reading and cheer this season.

7. Miss Myna Stewart, Dayton, Tenn., R. 4, Box 187, enjoys good reading, and hopes to receive more from the *Cheerful Letter* friends.

8. Mrs. Arthur Cole, Whitetop, Va., R. 1, Box 41, thanks the friends for everything she has received from them last season. She hopes to be remembered this winter.

9. I am poor, and have a hard time. I have three little children. My husband works away most all the time, so I get very lonely, as we live in a real lonesome place. I would appreciate any kind of reading matter for myself, and anything to amuse the little ones, if it is not asking too much. My children's names are Zora, aged 4 years, Irene, aged 2 years, and Basil, aged 4 months. Mrs. Alice Kilby, Whitetop, Va.

10. *Dear Mrs. Austin:*

Both my mother, Mrs. M. R. Austin, and myself are shut-ins. We have received good reading, letters and cheer from *Cheerful Letter* friends, and now my mother is over 77 years old, lame, and her hands tremble, making it hard to sew as she did. Anything to take up the mind would help. I have not been able to walk for forty-three years, but do much work in a wheel chair, and would like anything I could use for poor children or the sick. I knit small balls of yarn

into mittens for the poor,—anything helps. Alma Newcomb, South Brewer, Maine.

11. I would like to receive any kind of books, or Bible helps, that would help me in Bible Studies, if I am not asking too much. Rev. A. L. Powers, Grassy Creek, N. C.

12. As I have not written for some time, I would like to thank all the good *Cheerful Letter* friends for the kind help they have shown me. I trust they will not forget me and my children. Hattie Brooks, Whitetop, Va., R. 1, Box 53.

13. It has been a long time since I have received anything from any of the *Cheerful Letter* people. I would like anything to amuse a brood of children of eight: boys, ages 6, 9, 11, 13, 17; girls, from five months to a year and seven years, and a husband that has not been able to work any in four years, with spinal trouble. I hope they all haven't forgotton me. I will appreciate any kind of books and magazines. Mrs. Maud Wright, Peachland, N. C., R. 1.

14. Mrs. T. Iverson Murphy, Coolidge, Va., R. 2, Box 24, sends greetings to all the *Cheerful Letter* people for the New Year. She is very lonely, and looks to the *Cheerful Letter* for cheer during the winter.

15. Miss Mitford Inisenberg and her sister, Mrs. Robinson of Marion, Va., wish to express thanks and appreciation for literature—books and magazines—sent last year, which were passed on to others. They would appreciate current copies of *Review of Reviews*, *Literary Digest* or *Good Housekeeping* for the present year.

16. Mrs. D. G. Shaw of Kerr, N. C., would like "Laddie", "Robin Hood" and "The Red Fairytale" books, also *Good Housekeeping*.

17. I am a member of the *Cheerful Letter*. I am a lame girl, and I hope to be remembered by you. Please send me some reading. I am not able to work, and Mother is a shut-in. If you will, I will certainly appreciate it. Miss Sadie Lee Colson, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 2, Bos 268.

18. I am a 14-year-old country school girl. I need a dictionary to use about my lessons, and I would be so thankful if you can send me one. I also would be glad for some picture books and cards for my three little sisters, and one little brother, aged 5. For reference, Rev. C. W. Busby, Athens, Texas, R. 5. My name is Miss Hattie Mae Seat, Malakoff, R. 3, Texas.

19. Mrs. O. A. Trammell, Athens, Texas, R. 1, Box 45, wishes that some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends would write to her. She has been a member of the *Cheerful Letter* for over twenty years. She asks if someone cannot remember her married daughter, who lives very near her, with reading, and anything to amuse the three little children, from one to four years old. Her name is Mrs. C. L. McCool, Athens, Texas, R. 1, Box 45.

20. I live out in the country, and I have six children: three boys, Edward, aged 18; John, 15; Blane, 6; and three girls, Hassie, aged 12; Zola, 10; Golda, 8. I would like to receive books and magazines for my children to read. I need cheer. I do get so discouraged and lonely. Mrs. Maudie Sisemore, Sturgills, N. C.

21. I am a fatherless boy, aged 14 years old, and would enjoy some good books and magazines of any kind. For reference, Rev. R. L. Dalinger, Sturgills, N. C., Desoto Spencer.

22. Mrs. Mattie Wilcox, Husk, N. C., asks for cheer for her little 8-year-old boy, who fell on the cotton guards and cut his eyeball. She would like reading and sewing material for herself.

23. Mrs. C. W. Sexton, Edison, N. C., would be glad to receive any good reading material for her children, ranging in ages from one year to 17.

24. I would like very much to join the *Cheerful Letter* and receive some good books to read. I would like any good stories or novels. My mother died six years ago, and I had to stop school and keep house for my father and five brothers. For reference I send Rev. W. L. King, Sandidges, Va. (Miss) Virginia McDaniel.

25. I am a farmer's wife and live in a lonely place. I am also an invalid. I would be pleased to receive letters from the ladies of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange; also would be glad to receive sewing material. Mrs. Charles Neaves, Grassy Creek, N. C., R. 2, Box 75.

26. We live on a farm six miles from town. I would greatly appreciate some good reading for myself. My husband is away most of the time, and I am left lonely. Mrs. Daisy Dotson, R. F. D. 4, Dayton, Tenn.

27. I would like so much to receive books or magazines. We are poor folks, and work hard for a living. I have one little girl, 5 years old. She is an invalid and cannot walk nor talk. I would be glad of any kind of toys for her to play with. I can do any kind of fancy work, and would be glad to receive embroidery thread or crochet thread. I send for reference, Dr. J. H. Ellington, Sandy Ridge, N. C. Mrs. Cora E. Hall, Lawsonville, N. C.

28. Rev. W. R. Chapman, Bealeton, Va. Fauquier Co., formerly at Lois, Va., asks for "Analytical Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon," and "Students' Analytical Greek Testament."

29. Mrs. Curtis Testerman, Grassy Creek, N. C., a widow left with four small children, a 5-year-old girl a cripple from rheumatism, and a baby 13 months, asks for cheer for herself and children.

30. Rev. C. W. Johnson, Ben Hur, Ark., regrets that he lost the addresses of two friends who are sending him the *Review of Reviews* and the *Atlantic*, and so expresses his thanks through the paper; he would much appreciate the *Forum*.

31. Mrs. Alice Barker is now at Springton,

W. Va., and will be glad to hear from her old correspondents.

32. Mrs. Cora Jones, Jefferson, N. C., mother of seven children, living on a farm, will be thankful for light reading and quilt scraps.

33. Mrs. R. B. Wray, Reidsville, R. A, N. C., unable to work, will appreciate light reading.

34. Mrs. A. P. Boyd, 320 East Avenue N. E., Roanoke, Va., asks for a book for her son Lewis, who is 15, and not well enough to be in school. He is fond of reading, and books would be helpful to him. Nellie, the 8-year-old girl, would like a story, and Edith, aged 4, would be amused with cards or picture books.

35. I want to thank all my *Cheerful Letter* friends for all the books and magazines they have sent me, for they surely are a lot of comfort and pleasure to me, and help pass the time away, as I am a cripple, as I have told you before. I must tell you I just had one sister, and now she has passed away and left two little boys, 3 and 5 years old, and mama had to take them to try to care for them. So now I have them to try and watch after while mama works. So I would be very glad if you all would remember them with a little something. Effie Via, R. 1, Box 42, Shawsville, Va.

36. I will take this way to thank some who sent me reading, with name and address torn off. I appreciated it all so much, and hope to be remembered this winter. Mrs. T. W. Hurley, Whitetop, Va., R. 2, Box 34.

37. I have learned of you and your good work through my mother-in-law, Mrs. Ollie Trammell, of Athens, Texas. I am a young married woman, 19 years of age. I have a little boy 17 months old. My husband works away from home every day. I get very lonesome and would appreciate reading of any kind, also quilt scraps, for I will have to stay in most all the winter. I belong to the Baptist Church. Our preacher's name is Ben Moon. We meet twice a month. Mrs. V. L. Trammell, R. 5, Kemp, Texas.

38. I am a young housekeeper, having just started housekeeping, and would be glad to have a correspondent, as I shall be very lonesome by myself through the dreary winter days while my husband will be at work. Mrs. Addie Harmon, Decatur, Tenn.

39. I am thanking all my friends for remembering me, and would be glad for the friends to remember my children: Eldrin, aged 10; Mae, 7 years; Russell, 4 years, and baby Buren, one year, by sending books or reading. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Dodson, Va.

40. I am a girl 19 years old. I have two brothers younger than myself and one sister older. I would love to correspond with the *Cheerful Letter* members. I live out in the country, not very far from the mountain, and get very lonesome. I would appreciate scraps of embroidery thread or any kind of reading matter, and I like to piece quilts. Alice Kennedy, Dayton, Tenn., R. 4, Box 197.

41. I wish to thank the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends for all the good reading, quilt remnants and other things that have been sent me. The children were more than delighted with the nice pictures, cards and things. I want everyone to know that we all appreciate what they have sent us in our days of afflictions. My husband is not improving any at all. I hope that you all will remember me through the cold winter days, as I am confined at home all the time. Any cheer you send us is appreciated by all the family. (Mrs.) Effie Anderson, Pembroke, Va., R. 1.

42. Mrs. Hattie Hartsog, Whitetop, Va., is the mother of ten children, ranging in ages from 10 months to 16 years. She would appreciate reading for her children, as they are very lonely.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Miss Missouri Stone, formerly of Sassville, Va., lives now at Bassett, Va., R. 2, Box 68.

Mrs. F. M. Martin's present address is Midlothian, Texas.

Mrs. Hattie Davis lives now at 242 South Galaway Street, Xenia, Green Co., Ohio.

THE veracious *Our Dumb Animals* vouches for this: A grammar school boy handed in the following composition on "Cats." "Cats that's meant for little boys to maul and tease is called Maultease cats. Some cats is rekernized by how quiet their purs is and these is named Pursian cats. The cats what has very bad tempers is called Angorie cats. And cats with deep feelins is called Feline cats. I don't like cats."

IT was a dark night, and after the breakdown the motorist emerged from beneath the car, struggling for breath. His helpful friend holding an oil can, beamed on him.

"I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling, Dick."

"Cylinder?" howled the motorist. "That wasn't the cylinder, it was my ear!"

THE big bicycle man from Wheeling was talking to the big drug man from Medicine Hat.

"Do you see that man over there?" he said. "I believe he's Mr. So and So of Needles, Arizona."

"Nonsense," said the other, "I think he's a big undertaker from Tombstone."

On inquiry he proved to be a big mattress magnate from Hot Springs.—*The Tripod.*

THERE is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—*Alice Carey.*

AFTER CHRISTMAS GLEANINGS

From the New York Times

To the Comet

Christmas comet swinging by
At a pace extremely high,
Is it hard to keep it up
With a name like Skjellerup?

As you rush from place to place,
Does the bitter cold of space
Put your planet'ry transmission
In a comatose condition?

—*L. H. R.*

The Sophisticated Child

Children nowadays believe in Santa Claus until about the age of 5.—Psychology Report.

How credulous and soft I used to be
When I was just an innocent of 3!
Yes, even at the riper age of 4
I put my faith in Santa-Clausian lore.
But that was long, oh, very long ago.
I'm 5 and disillusioned now, you know.
Yet when the merry bells of Christmas ring,
And unsophisticated children sing,
There comes to me a sense of something lost,
A sense of being, somehow, double-crossed.
It is, no doubt, the price that I must pay
For thinking so much more advanced than they.

Santa Claus Sans Whiskers

How much longer will Santa Claus last? The age for believing in him grows lower and lower as babies become yearly more sophisticated. If grown people do not lend a hand to the old gentleman's support, he will presently fade altogether from sight.

Parents with pleasant memories of their own early belief are up against a desperate situation. Their infants may put on the innocent smile of utter faith, but behind it lurks the condescending knowledge of the born cynic. They know, but their kind hearts dictate soft deceit for the benefit of Daddy and Mumsy.

Besides the children, parents now have to contend with the authorities—at least in Pittsburgh. There the street Santa Claus has been bereft of his whiskers. They are full of germs, or something that should not come in contact with the childish faces lifted to be kissed. After that rude exposure had been ordered, it was decided that there were too many red and white saints patrolling the streets. Mothers had enough questions to answer without being required to explain the presence of a St. Nick on every corner. Too many five-year-olds already suspect he is a fraud. The poor fellow will soon have to apply for charity for himself as well as for the agencies that put him on the streets.

It is just as harmful to give an unsuitable toy as to invite the child to help himself to a hodgepodge of rich foods. Careful mothers will not allow it.

In the current number of *Child Study*, Edith London Boehm has an article on playthings. It should prove helpful to parents as well as friends of lively youngsters whose energy wants direction. Toy departments in all the big stores are now well stocked, and it is easy to buy something that charms the adult eye but leaves the young recipient puzzled and dissatisfied. Some of the patter of modern child psychology has crept into the toy shops. One finds a "pre-school kit," for example. "Art and craft" and "kindergarten" materials are abundant. But these things, so attractively boxed, consist of crayons too tiny for untrained fingers, small elaborately outlined designs to color, infinitesimal pats of hard paint, little dabs of clay with detailed models to follow, and other so-called "raw material" which is unsuited to the young child's needs. He requires big pots of paint, large sheets of paper, thick brushes to be grasped by the whole hand, and a mass of soft clay to shape as his own fancy directs.

Educational toys are those which children enjoy the most. The four-year-old likes to watch his uncle play with the electric train for a while, but has a far better time with something that permits him to be the actor and not the spectator. The uncle may realize this and resolve to buy blocks this year. He finds it hard to resist the intricate collection of specially shaped blocks, with slots, grooves, wheels and dowels, in a bright alluring box. But this may be too much for the child to cope with. Toys rightly chosen are a child's working apparatus. He needs enough variety in them to let him try himself in a number of ways, training his body and stimulating his imagination. They must be simple enough for him to handle by himself.

To Lindbergh

Fly on, fly on, young Eagle of Good Will!
From land to land war-weary people thrill
To greet thy wings of morning on the air—
A brave and friendly angel, glad to bear
To all mankind our New World word of truth—
Fair play and love, the heart and hope of Youth!

—*Henry van Dyke.*

Talk

Says Mars, "They love
To talk of peace.
They praise the dove
And never cease.
Well, talk they will.
A lot it means.
I see they still
Have submarines."

Laura R. Donnell.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

ON A TEXAS RANCH WITH FRED

THE car bumped over a rut and came to a halt. Billy Jake, Betty Jane and Fred leaned forward. Nestling among live oak trees whose green leaves sparkled in the mild October air, stood an old, old, weather-beaten log house. Nailed to the front wall under the low wide porch, some deer horns seemed to say, "Come hang your cap here and stay awhile."

A man came from around the house. He wore a broad-rimmed high-crowned felt hat, a flannel shirt, high-heeled boots and funny leathery things over his trousers.

Billy Jake's eyes opened wide. "Why, it's a cowboy!" he cried happily.

The man grinned. "Howdy, friends," he hailed.

"Howdy," said Fred. "Can you tell us which way to go to reach the main highway?"

"I sure can," said the cowboy, "but now you're here," he added hospitably, "why not get down and rest a spell?"

Fred opened the car door and eagerly Billy Jake and Betty Jane tumbled out.

THE FORT

"An interesting old building," said Fred, as the two men, followed by the children, walked toward the house, which was built of great logs.

"It's called 'Old Fort Lincoln,'" the cowboy told him, "though they tell me it's a heap older than Abraham Lincoln. I reckon the white men must have built it way back yonder in the early Indian days."

Fred paused and looked around. Billy Jake looked around, too, and what he saw was a great tall structure some distance away with a big wheel on the top that went around and around. He pulled at Fred's hand. "What is it?" he asked.

"That's a windmill, Sonny," the cowboy spoke up. "It draws water from the ground into a tank, then it is let down into troughs for the cattle and the deer."

"Deer!" exclaimed Billy Jake in surprise, and "Deer!" echoed Betty Jane.

"Oh, oh," she went on eagerly, "I want to see a deer. Don't you want to see a deer, Billy Jake?"

"You will see one all right if you stay around here," laughed the cowboy. Then he added, "Don't you all think you had better stop for the night? The sun is getting low and it's quite a spell to the highway."

THEY SPEND THE NIGHT

"Oh, let's," cried both children in one breath.

Fred thanked him. "That's all right," said the man, "the place is always open and you would have been just as welcome if I hadn't happened along."

That night from their bunks beside the wall, Billy Jake and Betty Jane watched the flames in the old fireplace as they danced up the broad chimney. Suddenly a peculiar cry floated through the air. Billy Jake sat up. Again it sounded, and again, each time louder than before.

"What is it?" asked Billy Jake.

"That is a coyote calling," Fred told him.

"What is a coyote?" Billy Jake's eyes were round with wonder.

"A coyote, sonny," the cowboy answered, "is an animal that looks a heap like a dog and acts a heap like one when he's tamed."

Here Betty Jane sat up. "I'd like a coyote," she announced in expectant tones.

The next morning after the cowboy had ridden away, Fred turned to the children. "Let's go exploring," he invited.

Betty Jane gave a little skip, "Oh, let's," she cried, and immediately they set off.

AND SEE A DEER

Some distance from the cabin, Fred paused and pointed to a small forest of young live oaks.

"If we keep very still," he said, "we may see a deer. They like to hide in these oak runners."

The children scarcely breathed. A moment passed and another; then there was a movement among the leaves and a deer raised his face. With his face toward the three, he stood quite unafraid, looking at them with his great soft eyes.

"Oh," gasped both children.

Then, "I am going to pet him," cried Billy Jake and started forward. But at his first move, the deer with great leaps bounded away. So fast did he go that all they could see of him was the flash of a short flat white tail as it zigzagged over the tops of the bushes.

"And he looked just as tame," said Billy Jake, wistfully.

"Never mind," Fred consoled him, "come on and we will try to find something that won't run away."

THE MOCKING BIRD

Here and there over the vast pasture numbers of cattle grazed quietly. A hawk, almost as big as a buzzard, circled slowly overhead, its outspread wings seeming scarcely to move. To one side, a great thicket of cactus rose taller than a man's head. As they drew near this a mocking bird rose from one of the stalks and with its winter cry of "Squa!" darted away.

"Why does he make that funny noise?" asked Billy Jake.

"He is telling his friends, the deer and other

ild creatures, that we are coming," Fred told im.

There was a slight noise on the ground. Billy ake looked down. Holding his breath he rabbed Fred by the sleeve and pointed. "Sh!" autioned Fred, and, standing perfectly still, ney watched a little creature, its back covered ith hard scales, digging busily away with two ng claws, which grew from each of its front feet.

Suddenly it stopped and raising its head, niffed the air. Then up on its hind legs, it niffed all around.

"What is he doing that for?" asked Betty ane, forgetting Fred's caution.

THE ARMADILLO

At the sound of her voice the little fellow lropped and, scurrying around a knoll, disppeared into a hole.

"What is it? What is it?" cried Billy Jake.

"An armadillo," Fred told him. "See, here re several other holes it could have gone into if ou had been in the way of that one."

The children looked and sure enough, there were some four or five more all leading to the nimal's underground channel.

Fred pulled out his watch. "Dear me," he exclaimed, "we must be off," and turning he made for the fort with Billy Jake and Betty Jane close behind.

"Do you suppose," panted Betty Jane, as she nurried to keep up, "do you suppose we could ake an arm—an arm—"

"Armadillo," supplied Fred.

"Home with us?" ended Betty Jane.

"Perhaps," said Fred, "but this is its home, and it is happy here. Don't you think we had better leave it?"

Betty Jane thought a moment. "Anyway," she stated cheerfully, "I'd lots rather have my kitty cat."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

OUR LAKE

LAST night the rain came down so hard
It made a lake in our backyard.

I sailed my boat and had some fun
Until, at noon, out came the sun;

And then it wasn't long before
My lake was gone. And on the shore

My boat was anchored high and dry.
Maybe tonight, down from the sky,

The rain will fall again and make
Our yard into a larger lake.

I hope that it will rain and rain,
So I can sail my boat again.

—*Sally L. Briggs,*
in the Christian Science Monitor.

IN THE SQUARE AT LUGANO

LUGANO is already Italy, not only because of the richness of the soil and the magnificence of the vegetation, but also as regards the language, the manners, and the picturesque costumes. In each valley the dress is different. In one place the women wear a short skirt, an apron held in by a girdle, and a bright-colored bodice; in another they wear a cap, above which is a large shady hat; in the Val Maroblio they have a woolen dress not very different from that of the Capuchins.

The men have not the square figure, the slow, heavy walk of the people of Bâle and Lucerne; they are brisk, vigorous, easy, and the women have something of the wavy suppleness of the vine-branches twining among the trees.

These people have the happy, childlike joyousness, the frank good-nature, of those who live in the open air, who do not shut themselves up in their houses, but grow freely like the flowers under the strong, glowing sunshine.

At every street corner sellers are sitting behind baskets of extraordinary vegetables and magnificent fruit; and under the arcades that run along the houses, big grocers in shirtsleeves come at intervals to their shop doors. . . .

After sunset the little tables that are all over the great square are surrounded by an entire population of men and women.

How gay and amusing those Italian cafés are; full of sound and color, with their red and blue striped awnings, their advanced guard of little tables under the shade of the orange-trees, and their babbling, stirring, gesticulating company. The waiters, in black vest and leather slippers, a corner of their aprons tucked up in their belt, run with the speed of kangaroos, carrying on metal plates syrups of every shade, ices, sweets in red, yellow or green pyramids. . . .

When night has fallen and the stars shine out, traveling musicians and singers come and form groups in the square, and improvise a concert. Fresh, clear voices sing with enthusiasm in praise of Italy with her blue sky . . . and ring out to the sound of harps the united names of Garibaldi and Liberty.—*Victor Tissot, in "Unknown Switzerland."*

UNBELIEF

THERE is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by"
Trusts the Most High.

—*Edward Bulwer Lytton.*

A HEROIC CURE

We sometimes read of people who have had their eyesight restored or deafness cured by a sudden severe fall. Now comes a story about a case of hiccoughs being cured by a railway wreck.

It was a dark night. Murky clouds obscured the moon in such a way as to make driving dangerous in the uncertain light.

A car was approaching the level crossing, traveling swiftly round the corner which led to the closed gates. At that precise moment an express train thundered through.

Too late, the driver of the car saw his danger. He tried to swerve, but a skid was the only result. With a loud crash he struck the last coach, and the car crumpled up on the track.

Silence for a few minutes. Then a voice:

"Well, it's cured my hiccoughs, anyway!" And the driver crawled out of the wreck.—*Kablegram.*

A Scot applied for a position as patrolman on the London Police Force. Here is a question they put to him in Scotland Yard and the answer:

"Suppose, MacFarland, you saw a crowd congregated at a certain point on your beat, how would you disperse it quickly, with the least trouble?"

"I would pass the hat."

"What position did you hold in your last place?" asked the merchant.

"I was a doer, sir."

"A doer! What's that?"

"Well, sir, you see, when my employer wanted anything done he would tell the cashier, the cashier would tell the bookkeeper, the bookkeeper would tell the clerk, and the clerk would tell me.

"And what would happen then?"

"Well, sir, as I hadn't anyone to tell it to, I'd do it."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines, should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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